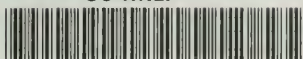


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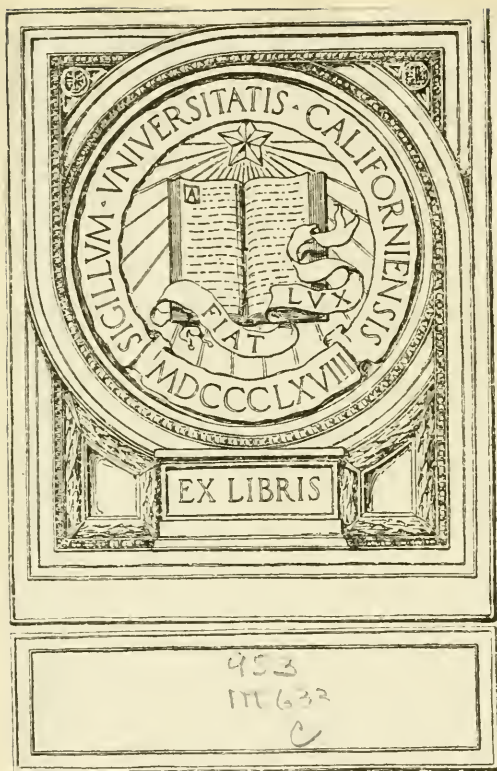
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CASTALIAN DAYS



LLOYD MIEFLIN

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BOOKS BY LLOYD MIFFLIN

THE HILLS

Page 8x10. With eight reproductions from pen drawings by
Thos. Moran, N. A.

Privately printed, 1896

AT THE GATES OF SONG

Illustrated with ten reproductions in halftone after drawings by
Thos. Moran, N. A. First and second editions

Estes & Lauriat, Boston, 1897

Third edition revised and printed from new plates, with portrait,

Henry Frowde, London, 1901

THE SLOPES OF HELICON AND OTHER POEMS

With eight illustrations by Thos. Moran, N. A., and with two
by the author

Estes & Lauriat, Boston, 1898

ECHOES OF GREEK IDYLS

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1899

THE FIELDS OF DAWN AND LATER SONNETS

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1900

AN ODE ON MEMORIAL DAY

Written and delivered at the request of Post 118, G. A. R., 1878

Out of Print

ODE ON THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE, 1903

Fifty copies only, printed on Japan Vellum, signed by the author

CASTALIAN DAYS

Ten autograph copies on Japan Vellum; twenty-four autograph
copies on hand-made paper

Henry Frowde, N. Y. and London, 1903

IN PREPARATION
COLLECTED SONNETS—CCCL



CASTALIAN DAYS

BY

LLOYD MIFFLIN



THE
OF
THE
OF

LONDON

HENRY FROWDE

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS WAREHOUSE, AMEN CORNER :

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U. S. A.

PREFATORY

The author has here sought to bring together some of his later sonnets. Most of these poems were written at intervals during this and the preceding year.

*Norwood,
August 1903.*

L. M.

*The throbbing ache from unaccomplished Art,
The ceaseless pang of ineffectual Song.*

—Sonnet.

INSCRIBED TO
BRIZO

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CASTALIAN DAYS

FROM THE PROMONTORY

I WATCHED for daybreak . . . To the templed height
The wind-borne murmur of the Ægean sea
Surged in full anthem. The sublimity
Of the profound unfathomable Night
Waned, as the regal planets took their flight
On fading wings. Full softly, floating by,
Low vapors lifted and revealed the sky
Pallid with dreams of the auroral light.
A tremulous opalescence lit the gloom
Wherein the dim and folded flower of day,
Like some sweet rose reluctant still to bloom,
Paled at the thought of opening. Darkness ceased,
And spectral rifts of faint refulgent gray
Lilied the airy meadows of the East.

THE REST AT NOON

A PAINTING BY GEORGE MORLAND

THERE is no sound nor rustle of a breeze
Above the bank wherefrom the hawthorn dips ;
As the gray horse, plow-weary, gently sips,
The brook-rings widen by the bending trees.
Low voices of the tired laborers cease,
While slumber, with hushed finger on her lips,
Touches their eyes, and by that sweet eclipse
Leads them through valleys of unending ease.
I pass within a picture, noiselessly,
Down the green lanes of Devon, where they rest ;
Their lids are heavy ; sultry is the day,
And in their dreams, at least, they may be blest ;
Breathe not a whisper—hush ! and steal away,—
As Morland saw them, still so let them be.

THE FIRST AWAKENING

FAR off I saw the seraph wings upraised
In flame ; with fulgence more than light the air
Burned, and the glory showed that God was there
Ineffable. Slowly mine eyes undazed,
As one, bearing a lily, unamazed
Called me by name ; and I was then aware
That love within me grew a flower of prayer—
My spirit began to know her as I gazed :
She led me by still waters, even those
Foretold, and I was filled with peace and knew
My troublous soul was entering Paradise :
Then memory bloomed, a slowly-opening rose,
And while I asked if Heaven indeed were true,
Her look of love answered from long-lost eyes !

FROM THE FOOT OF OLYMPUS

STILL doth Alphèus murmur as he flows
By myrtled banks, where floats the rich perfume:
Of orange-blossoms clustered in the gloom
Of hidden glens. Lonely the traveler goes
Girt with cloud-shadows. By the mountain close
Flocks nip the sward the Judas-trees illumine
With bending branches of purpureal bloom,
And scarlet in the gullies flames the rose.
No sound of Satyr nor Bacchantè here,
Pandean pipe nor purl of reedy oat,
Nor, as of old, the clanging cymbal's cheer,
While the mute herdsman, on the steep, remote,
Lagging behind the slowly-browsing goat,
Seems but a shadow on the upland drear.

“LOVE AND LIFE”

A PAINTING BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

SUFFERING and weak, what ill has come to thee
O piteous Life? Up what bloom-barren slope
Cam'st thou, so desolately fair, to grope
Thy perilous way in unvoiced agony?
Behold, Love pleads! Oh, listen to his plea!
Be lifted where thy spirit doth aspire,
For thou hast reached the rose of thy desire—
Love leading Life from Infelicity.
O innocent One, masking thy grievous wound
In touching silence! who shall dare to tell
The yearning pain—the bitterness profound
Of tremulous hope that looks through longing eyes
Made sadder by that smile ineffable
And pathos of thine inarticulate cries?

THE FADING SHIP

FAR on the faint horizon's shadowy rim,
A moving vision o'er the evening sea,
How beautiful she seems—so earthly free—
With spectral sail and fading pennon dim!
Is she a Ship of Dreams? or does she swim
Of Beauty the eidolon? or is she
The sweet embodiment of mystery
Blending with twilight on the ocean's brim? . . .
Some Spirit whose faintly-glimmering, vapory wings
Fade in the far-off realms of halcyon air?
At last unfettered, as she outward springs,
Is she the Soul of Peace fleeing from Care,
Leaving behind the sad terrestrial things—
Seeking nepenthe in the distance fair?

THE WIND - GOD

THOU dark-winged demon of Cimmerian lands,
Who com'st from caverns of the unfooted vast,
The raging tempest and the roaring blast
Thou holdest in the hollow of thy hands!
Typhoon, the dreaded, raves at thy commands,
Leaving the mariner helpless and aghast;
Thou strewest many a ship and shattered mast—
Thy cenotaphs unnumbered, on the sands!
Lo, o'er the surging Ocean, even now
Speed the swift javelins of thy phrensied might!
O charioteer infuriate! it is thou
Who, in thy mad ungovernable glee,
Across the blackness of the gathering night,
Lashest the wild-maned Horses of the Sea!

IN MEMORIAM

MAURICE THOMPSON

A DEEPER hush is on the prairie's plain ;
Far in the dark savanna's plashy meads
The heron, lonelier, stands among her weeds,
And e'en our woodlands have a touch of pain.
Gone is the singer of the sylvan strain
Whose note the indifferent world but little heeds ;
Put by the syrinx of the seven reeds,
Our minstrel now will never pipe again !
He who along the dewy forest streams
Fluted at dawn full many a silver hymn
Lies not within yon churchyard's lone retreat ;
But in some region beyond telling sweet
In immaterial valleys, strange and dim,
He lingers, lapped in never-ending dreams.

BY CONOWINGO WATERS

As Evening came, sedate in hooded gray,
A wondrous quiet on the valley fell ;
Across the fields a distant-tolling bell
Made a sweet threnode for departing day.
The mavis on the topmost wildwood spray
Ceased the low fluting of his late farewell,
And in dark flocks, above the bosky dell,
The crows winged slowly where the woodlands lay.
The twilight deepened. Pale ethereal seas
Of lilac 'mid the branches slowly grew
Star-studded depths unutterably blue ;
While in the upper boughs a delicate breeze
Sent soft Druidic murmurs rippling through
The faint and tremulant lyre of the trees.

MARPESSA TO APOLLO

HAD I but chosen thee, immortal One,
Instead of him I clave too, then for me
Had been supernal joys with hope to be
Uplifted by communion with the Sun :
Thy wingèd pair, in time, I might have won
And held the reins of Dawn,—triumphantly
Flushed the gray doors, and flamed the dusky sea
With flakes from crimsoned hoofs when day was done,—
Have felt the heart of godhead stir my breast,
And spirit lips ethereal breathe on mine
From deeps of Being beyond mortal dream . . .
Ah, yet, each evening, when along the West
Thou goest in splendor with thy radiant team,
Behold these Earth-dimmed eyes that yearn to thine !

THE VICTIM

THE River, turning red, began to rise ;
Dark thousands thronged the marge with sail and oar,
As priests of dread Osiris slowly bore
The Maiden, bound,—a votive sacrifice.
Lashed to the stake—death's horror in her eyes—
They left her naked by the river shore,
But ere the sunset, lo, a deepening roar
Of rising waters drowned the people's cries.
The Nilus lapped her feet, then from their ships
The swart crowd gloated at the river's might
As round her writhing form the current poured ;
Touching her neck—it reached her piteous lips,
Then wildly rushing, whelmed her down from sight,
While calm, above, the sacred Ibis soared.

ON THE UPLAND

“THERE lies great Argos!” said our mountain guide,
Pointing due eastward toward the Cyclades :
Around our feet the honey-laden bees
Hummed in the blooming thyme. Here, far and wide,
The cistus seemed a rose, while sunset-dyed
Blossomed the cliff, where, drowsing at his ease
A goatherd, near the fallen marble frieze,
Dreamed of his flock along Cyllene’s side.
The evening deepened and we caught the breeze
From meads of roseate oleander fair,
On dusky banks of Inachus abloom ;
The nightingales were mute, but everywhere
The myriad tettix, from the twilight trees
Filled, with insistent chirp, the classic gloom.

UNAVAILING GRIEF

PARAPHRASE FROM THEOCRITUS

O WHAT avails that thou shouldst weep for her
Until thine eyes with grief should flow away?
Youth is a rose which blooms but for a day
And on the morrow finds a sepulchre.
The will of Zeus what prayer of man can stir?
Against the Fates futile doth he inveigh.
She cannot hear thee now—thy Bloom of May—
And back from Hades comes no messenger.
The beauteous maid,—the slim and rosy girl
That round thy neck hung as a precious pearl,
Oh, what will grief subserve or bitterest tears
Since death his wolfish jaws has closed, and left
Through all thy desolate and defloured years
Not even her ashes unto thee, bereft!

THE MADONNA

WITH THE CHRIST CHILD AND JOHN THE BAPTIST

—AN OLD PAINTING—

By premonitions, Mary, art thou stirred,
While the young Babe looks upward to thy face?
For thou so fondly pensive, seem'st to trace
An unknown grief impending, yet deferred . . .
Thy mouth is sweet with silence,—not a word
Parts the pure lips; that calm brow doth erase
All look of suffering by its saintly grace,
And yet—some voice prophetic thou hast heard!
Doth a dim prescience of the invading years
Cause thee, with such solicitude, to bend
Above the innocent pair about thy knee?
Dost thou divine the anguish deep—the tears—
For these two little ones the pitiful end—
The shadow of Herod and of Calvary?

“YOUTH AT THE PROW”

THE SUSQUEHANNA

As Evening, aureoled with her amber hair,
Walked o'er the mountain, robed in faded blue,
Sandaled with silence in the glowing air,
How sweet it was to drift alone with you!
'T was ours to watch the heron as he flew
To purpling pools within his reedy lair;
Leaving the glimmering land, we bade adieu
To all the dwellers in the tents of Care.
We drifted noiseless o'er the deepening glow
Trailing our hands in miles of liquid gold,
Then moored in shallows where the lilies rest;
The somnolent River scarcely seemed to flow,
While o'er the hills, afar, began to fold
The crimsoned poppies of the fading West.

THE YOUNG EMBALMER

THE crypt was still, vine-shaded from the heat ;
On the black marble lay the Maiden, dead,
Naked and brown, a lotus at her head,
The pale embalmer trembling at her feet.
He washed her heart in palm-wine, as was meet,
And in the empty body deftly spread
Arabian nards, that heavy fragrance shed,
With myrrhy spices and the mystic wheat.
He laid the vitals in Canopian jars ;
Touching her brow and holding back his tears.
He nerved his soul, and took her beauteous eyes
Each from its hollow—dull lack-lustre stars
Once bright with love—and 'mid low stilled sighs.
Placed in their sockets the obsidian spheres.

MARGIN OF SWATARA

I

How silvery through the meadows parched and sere,
The limpid brook ran purling on its way!
On either side we walked,—the runnel clear
Kept our hands parted on that heavenly day.
You warbled as we strolled a careless lay
As blithesome as the bird, that rising near,
Trilled his rapt carol in the blue of May,—
Ah! *Love* it was that made him warble, Dear!
Ah, me! once more across the years I seem—
Once more with you to tread the Summer air,
Watching the sunlight kiss your lustrous hair:
O Time! give back again that golden dream—
My Sweetheart, lost, long lost, who with me there
Rambled for lilies by the Indian stream!

WINGS OF THE MORNING

II

YEA, I will build a tower on every crest
Where we two stood together in love's pride,
So that the River, flowing grandly wide,
May still remember where your feet have pressed!
These peaks shall not forget you, but attest
Your beauty on the mountains, and the tide—
Where the bent currents through the boulders glide—
Murmur of you when crimsoned by the West.
The wild swans, flying south, shall swerve more low
And by these landmarks reach the reedy sea;
The eagle near shall poise in azure air;
Men now unborn, and maidens yet to be,
Seeing your memory coronated so,
Shall feel your loveliness—and my despair!

THE LILY OF DAWN

III

WHERE are you now—for years have o'er us flown—
Since last I touched the flower of your hand?
To what luxurious creature have you grown?
Who bow before you in that foreign land?
Steeped in the languor of an orient strand,
Lulled by the odor of spice-laden breeze,
The dusky turbans move at your command
By palmy reaches of Ceylonian seas:
But when the crimson-arrowed evening falls
On minaret and many a gilded dome
Touching with splendor the white palace walls,
O pine you not for those enraptured days,
Yearning to walk again the blissful ways
Made dear by Love before you left your home?

THE END OF ALL

MIDNIGHT was on the summits, and the lake—
 Livid with lightning. In the cavernous cloud
 The demons of the thunder roared aloud
 And made the everlasting mountains quake.
Then of the spirits, hovering in the gloom,
 I asked the end of Man—of Man, that proud
 Imperious master with high front unbowed—
 “What, at the last, on earth shall be his doom?”
They answered, stern, “Not by submerging seas
 Of ice, nor flame from crater nor from sky,
 Shall Nations perish, but—from utter dearth;
Like wastes of withering grasses shall they lie,
 Famine shall mow their trillions of increase
 Leaving one ghastly swarth around the earth!”

READING FROM MILTON

LEAVE the dim casement, where the twilight gloom,
Strange with great stars, holds us in charmèd spell;
Light the soft lamp, as in some hermit cell,
And stir the back-log that it may illumine
The brow of Pallas with a roseate bloom;
Then let the Poet sound his classic shell
Attuned to murmur the Pierian spell,
And flood with melody the quiet room:
Turn the rich page, and while the embers glow,
Through archèd groves Etrurian slowly tread,
Reading the thunderous numbers, doubly dear;
Full let the organ-tones of Comus flow,
Nor fail to render that “melodious tear”—
The Dorian threnody for Lycid, dead.

FROM THE ACRO-CORINTHUS

THE Rock of Corinth! here at last I stand,
The sought-for goal of many traveled days,—
An eagle's view afar through purple haze,—
Of dreamy capes and cloudy rims of land
O'er faint Ætolia's dim-discovered strand;
Arcadian coasts, dimpled with azure bays,
And southward o'er the sea, a beauteous maze
Of island clusters girt with yellow sand!
Breathing of perished gods, peopled anew,
Parnassus and the stately Salamis
Rise like a dream. Full many a warrior-town
Flashes snow-white, perched on her cliff of blue,
And far away, like an imperial crown,
The immortal splendor of the Acropolis!

ON THE TWILIGHT HEADLAND

THESEUS AND ARIADNE

DEAR Love, lean nearer—let your finger-tips
Reach till they touch the rose within my palm.
Through the hushed dusk I feel the fragrant balm
Of your faint breathing as the tired breast dips
And rises, drowsful as a bee that sips
Honey too avid from the numbing flower. . . .
Close the sad eyes, and for one little hour
Let slumber soothe the farewell-taking lips.
Ah, sweet! were it not better for each heart
Before the bitter years their wine distill—
For us, who must irrevocably part,
To pass the lintel of the door of Death
Lip touching lip, I breathing faintly still
The poignant sweetness of your fading breath?

THE CONQUEROR

BEHIND him, burning cities, and the roar
Of cannon in the night. The road he fled
Lined on each side with stiffening corpses dread.
His ruthless steps reek with the sickening gore—
He who made earth a human abattoir.
He dies. . . . The nether mountains, furnace-red,
Asunder part—with such the fires are fed—
And on him closes the Infernal Door.
This monster, in his life, men gave a crown,
In death a mausoleum, which shall tell
How Infamy begat a river of tears.
God *must* be Justice, so the Fiend looks down
On hopeless eyes that through a million years
Glare horror in the flaming gulphs of Hell.

ON THE BLUFFS

THE headlands here are in a sunset glow ;
I read your letter, but I fail to find
The old sweet by-paths of a kindred mind
Down which your thoughts made music, long ago.
Ah, love! a worlding of the world you grow!
But I seek nobler heights, and so am blind
To words that still can wound, so let the wind
Whirl these torn scraps of pathos far below!
I am as one who, in a waking dream,
Strolling at eve picks up an Indian dart,—
Dulled by long pain, indifferent to discern
How once it pierced some innocent victim's heart,—
Yet, with a half-regretful unconcern,
Skims it beyond the cliff, sheer to mid-stream.

OCTOBER DAYS BY OCTORARO

'T is sweet to roam within the tinted woods,
To tread the crimson carpet of its floor;
To hear the song, and let the silence pour
Within the soul entrancing interludes;
To wade through plummy ferns in listless moods,
And find the wild grape on the sycamore
In bloomy clusters; sweeter still to explore
Brown paths that tend to umber solitudes;
To see the scarlet quinquefolia crawl
O'er rock and tree, shedding her splendor round:
Dreamful to lie on banks of mosses browned
Listening the partridge pipe her liquid call;
To watch the goldfinch on the thistle-ball,
And hear, on hill-tops dim, the baying hound.

THE GIFT

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. CANON WILTON, M.A.

SACRED and sylvan Poet ! when I hold
Your book of Verse, which o'er the winter sea
You send—a later flower of song—to me,
I scent the Yorkshire hawthorn. On the wold,
Or where the billows of heather-bloom are rolled
Up breezy slopes ; by many a storied lea ;
By Yarrow and Iona, pensively,
Lured by your lines I stroll where you have strolled :
But when, with eloquent words of ardent love,
Bent on that City of Immortal Light,
Your faith uplifts you to intemporal things,
I follow—faltering—to that realm above,
Fain would I equal your celestial flight
And mount, like you, on such triumphal wings !

THE SONNET'S MUSIC

STILL hearken for the Sonnet's hidden chime
As on the shore we list the sea-voiced shells ;
The veiled music of the sonnet-swells
Should, in our song's cathedral nave sublime,
Roll down those rich reverberating halls
In soft antiphonies of recurrent rhyme.
Such tones were his who yet the ear enthralls—
Sonorous Singer of the Italian prime.
So Echo to Narcissus calls and calls
Among the grottos of Arcadian fells ;
At evening so, o'er cloud-built castle walls,
Faint—from far towers of airy citadels
Through deeps of twilight—rises, floats and falls
The sweet re-echo of ethereal bells.

PRAXITELES TO PHRYNE

“A WOMAN? . . . You a woman? Shame, be still!
Fold your rich chiton round you and depart.
Beauteous, yet with your despicable heart,
What can you know of woman-kind but ill?
Bring not your sumptuous evil o’er my sill.
You dare to speak of love—to me apart—
You!—with your lily whiteness turned to swart—
Oh, no, such arch-dissembling fails to thrill!
You who were sweeter than the buds of May,
Not so obtuse you’ve grown, but just too base
To feel the degradation of disgrace!
Flattered and rich, take my adieus to-day—
You who are ’neath my scorn! . . . So from the vase
Of golden life we pitch an old bouquet.”

BESIDE THE RIVER BANKS

A STUDY FOR A PAINTING

IN August noons, along the River green,
Faint lay the mountains in the sultry haze;
The sky was colorless; a hot white blaze
Made the dim islands dimmer in its sheen.
The further hills were hardly to be seen
Until some cloud-thrown shadow gloomed the grays
Of wooded ridges, shutting out the day's
Insufferable glare with softened screen.
Listless I dozed and looked across the oars
To where the silver fish, with sudden spring
Sent the small circle widening, ring on ring;
While in the pebbly shoals that lined the shores
Under the umbrage of the sycamores,
Silent the heron stood and preened his wing.

THE SPECTRE

As to some clock upon the dusky floor
 Standing within the hall 'mid carven chairs,
 Where, stately moving down the sumptuous stairs,
 Funeral and bridal-train trooped by of yore—
A stranger comes at night; opens its door
 And stops the pendulum and even dares
 To mar the works, then through the darkness glares
 And listens for the beating made before:
So, on some midnight when the house is still,
 A Spectre, gliding with his furtive tread,—
 When I in slumber lie and fear no ill,—
Shall stop this heart, and leaning down his head
 Shall listen o'er my breast, and pause, until
 No sound ensuing, he shall leave me—dead.

THE PASSING OF THE QUEEN

1901

WHAT is the requiem heard upon the breeze
From the dark forests of Laurentian lands?
What note of mourning from the golden sands
Where Indus winds along the templed leas? . . .
The Queen is dead!—her people's threnodies
Sound o'er the grieving world. Columbia stands
In heart-felt sorrow as she joins her hands
With those who mourn by far Australian seas.

Peace to the Queen! Oh, new-born, may She meet
With long-lost faces through the endless days—
Find youth again, and life with love replete
In amaranthine meadows where she strays
And hears celestial music, strangely sweet,
By the still waters and the lilled ways!

TO THE NEW CENTURY

THE accursèd rage for wealth, devoid of ruth,
Fumes in the breast of peoples and of kings:
Is this the guerdon that the Century brings—
Insatiate avarice with relentless tooth?
Where is the promise of the Nation's youth,—
The dreams icarian—the auroral wings?
That earlier quest of immaterial things,—
High principle, religion, honor, truth?
What shall relume our spiritual night
While brazen Progress, cloaking banal greed,
Crushes the soul 'neath her Mammonian car?
What dayspring rises for the Spirit's need?—
What of the Soul's inviolable star?
Torch of the Years! is *this* thy vaunted Light?

ANTONY IN EGYPT

No—no, not death! my rapturous Queen, not death!
'T is nature's error when two lovers die;
As thy great heart in one wild ecstasy
Wells through these lips unto my soul, my breath
Burns with dark passion as it uttereth,
“Enough, Love's promised immortality!
Heaven is in mine arms, not in the sky,
O royal mate, when thou art there!” it saith.
Not death to-night! Ah, Egypt, no—not so!
More life—more love! not death—more love instead!
Till we shall feel Love's burning flame impart
To plighted lips his full impassioned glow,—
Yet, on the instant, should Love strike thee dead,
That instant would the dagger find my heart!

THE BENEFACTOR

—TO THE DISCOVERER OF ANÆSTHESIA—

THOU, like to Æsculapius' shining sire,
That golden-tressèd god—the Delphian—
Hast slain the serpent, and freed suffering man
From slow immitigable tortures dire.
No longer now, on Agony's dreaded pyre
Men writhe, since from our soil American
Thou cam'st, thou later Good Samaritan,
Whose legacy the days unborn shall choir!
So once that wise magician—robbed by him
The injurious king of proud Parthenopè—
From his demense drove torment with his wand;
So once the Son—diviner paradigm—
Spake softly his miraculous command
And drave the demons down into the sea!

A TUSCAN PASTORAL

A PAINTING BY CLAUDE

THE russet levels of Italian leas
Reach far away to where the mountain clips
The quiet vale. Anear, the streamlet dips
Purling beside us. Vine-enwreathèd trees
Rise, till their tops might hail the midland seas ;
And now a kid within their shadow skips
Near the recumbent goat that slowly nips
The thymy pasture as it lies at ease.
The brooklet falls in foam ; a rippling breeze
Calls to the kine to quit the scorching noon
And plash in shallows where the leader sips ;
The dreamy goatherd, stretching sun-browned knees,
Leans from the bank and listens to the tune
The sliding syrinx wakes along his lips.

FOR A STATUE

PARAPHRASE FROM THEOCRITUS

THOU Traveler, here beneath the cypress stay
And view the statue of this bard of old,—
Archilochus the Poet, virile, bold,
The maker of the strong iambic lay.
His fame hath blown from portals of the day
Clear to the far Hesperian gates of gold;
The themes he glorified were manifold,
And over mortals held he marvelous sway.
The Muses heard and after loved him long,
For wondrous were his wingèd words of fire,
And Hellas, listening, gave the singer cheer;
Such genius had he in creating Song
That when he chanted to his stirring lyre
Apollo ceased,—those golden strains to hear!

HIDDEN WOUNDS

The Heart Knoweth His Own Bitterness

AH, who shall tell of that disguised despair
Hid from the world in bitterest disdain!
The ardor damped; the new-born hope, new slain,—
Joy's bud unfolding but a rose of care!
The frailty and impermanence that dare
Mask as true love, while proving such love vain!
These daily poniards of recurrent pain—
These may be borne as we have learned to bear;—
But Oh! the life with deeper anguish fraught:
Veiled lacerations of the poet-heart—
That inward bleeding at the Triumph of Wrong!
The wounds from non-reciprocated thought—
The throbbing ache from unaccomplished Art
And ceaseless pang of ineffectual Song!

SICILIAN IDYL

PARAPHRASE FROM THEOCRITUS

THOU liest, Daphnis, by leaf-hidden streams,
Soft-breathing in thy popped slumber deep ;
Thou dost not hear the tinkling of thy sheep
As far thou wanderest in the dale of dreams.
But wake, O shepherd ! for it surely seems
Pan and Priapus, goat-eared twain, now leap
With satyr strides adown the rocky steep
To catch thee drowsing where thy grotto gleams.
The one with bronzed ivy-leaves is crowned
About his jocund head and caprine ears,
And both upon thy track are rushing straight ;
O rouse thee, shepherd ! for with frolic bound
They come, and one beside thy cavern peers,—
Arise and flee before it is too late !

THE LURID CASTLE

PERCHED on the perilous crag, the Castle vast
Rose o'er the abysmal gulph—a fearsome sight!
Against the ebon of the starless night
The turrets glowed vermilion, over-cast
By some unearthly flame. A bugle blast
Blared from the bannered walls. Through casements bright
Were seen the moving revelers, gay bedight,
As to the towers I turned mine eyes aghast:
For lo! the Castle wavered, as a shock
Trembled along the undulating floor
Where Knights and Ladies passed in brilliant show,
Then, like a maniac from his dizzy rock,
The lurid horror, swaying to and fro,
Plunged headlong down the abysm with deafening roar!

WITH A GREEK HERDSMAN

STILL doth the shepherd on the mountain-chain
Follow his flock along the thymy hills
Of Arachova, where the foamy rills
Carol their music to the Delphian plain.
As from some jutting bluff where he hath lain
Prone with his herd among the daffodils,
Seaward he stares, the nightingale's rich trills
Greet him with rapture of a wild refrain.
Behind him stand the twin Phædriades
That in the blue of Hellas shadowy soar ;
Sleeps to the south the far Corinthian bay,
And dimly looms, adown the western way,
The Acarnanian and Ætolian shore
Past capes of Elis to the Ionian seas.

“THE THRONE OF DEATH”

A PAINTING BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

SOVEREIGN and beggar come, and each alone,
Trophy or burthen bringing to Death's feet.
The mailed warrior, proudly, as is meet,
Yields his unconquered blade. The glittering crown
That power imperial wears, a king lays down
Submissively. The Child,—the Mother sweet,—
And Age forlorn, bend to the winding-sheet
Which draws the World to that mysterious Throne.
The Judgment Book lies open but unread,
For who would gaze upon those cryptic things?
The Angel Death, inscrutable above,
Broods awesomely beneficent,—his wings
Over himself and all the region spread
Darkness, not unilluminate by Love.

SUNSET IN HELLAS

How many an eve, on yonder peak at rest,
I watched the shadowy pageant of the sky,—
The fading hosts in plume and panoply
Pass, on the cloudy ramparts of the West!
Huge Titans, hurling towers from the crest
Of serried bastions that embattled lie;
And phantom galleons, slowly drifting by
'Mid amber seas, to havens of the blest!
Islands of desolate gold; cities august
Empinnacled on the verge of scarlet deeps—
Dim, rose-flushed heights, crowned with aularian fanes,
Slow crumbling into wastes of ruby dust;
And plunging slowly down the crimson steeps,
The Horses of the Sun, with flaring manes!

THE SPIRIT

THRIDDING the outer bulwarks in a light
Less lucent than mid-Heaven's refulgent glow,
I marked a Spirit coming, whom to know
Baffled recall. It seemed as if some blight
Of earthly memory had not left him quite—
As if vague recollection still did throw
A shadow o'er his bliss, who, moving slow
Through airy regions, neared my curious sight:
Compassion locked my lips, nor asked the cause
Of his paled happiness, and he withdrew
To leave me wondering what dim Spirit it was:
I felt, 'Not blest is he as Angels are';
Then I recalled, on feet and hands, the scar,—
Remembered Christ's last promise,—and I knew..

AFTER SEVERANCE

So all the vows of friendship which we swore
Are broke, and we estranged, at distance stand.
Across the chasm is stretched no beckoning hand
Of reconciliation. Now, no more
We hold sweet talk of books and poet's lore;
The current of a discord, cold, austere,
Widens between us, year by bitter year,
And each drifts further from the other's door.
Thus some wide summer river that of yore
Floated the lover to his mistress dear
Across the sunset waters, now with snows
Engorged, rough-packed with jagged ice-wastes drear,
Barriers the way, nor intercourse allows
From incommunicable shore to shore.

THE DAWN OF SCIENCE

IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

HARK, on the peak, the Hosts of Morning choir!
Fame's clarion blares, and Youth of stout emprise
With light of learning in undaunted eyes
Leaps to the front and nears his heart's desire!
For new vibrations of the great World-lyre
Man listens—ear to earth, and laboring buys
Success with Science; yet how far off lies
The height to which his glorious steps aspire!
As Humboldt heard, on Oronoko's shore,
The rocks at morning make melodious sound
Filling with strangeness all the blue profound,
So, as the Century lifts her sunrise wings,
A vibrant music from the Harp of Things
Pears through the World—a strain unheard before!

THE PUPIL OF PHILETAS

IN Cea's isle, fragrant with new-pressed wine,
Philetas, all attenuate by thought,
Sat 'neath the ilex and his pupil taught
The guarded secret of the sacred Nine.
Then the boy wandered to the upland pine
And piped above the sea. Soon Slumber wrought
Her poppied spell, and from his hushed lip caught
The falling flute that waked the strain divine.
In sunset dreams he saw himself, erelong,
Honored of Crowns; as wingèd hours flew,
Laurels en-wreathed him, and the listening Muse
Enthroned his name among the stars of Song. . . .
Waking, he smiled and touched his pipe,—nor knew
The vengeful fate that lurked at Syracuse.

RELENT, O ATROPOS !

O THOU who fill'st the caverns of the dead ;
Whose icy heart stagnates with pallid blood ;
Whose orbs, implacable, beneath thy hood
Glare past the outposts of this World, and shed
Indifference worse than hate—Destroyer dread,
At last relent ! In pity look thou down
Where Love—dear Love—a-tremble at thy frown,
Fears the swift severance of the golden thread !
Others we yield thee, thou insatiate soul !—
Passion and Wealth ; Beauty, or even Hope,
These take from us, whose steps grow faint with years,—
But Love—sweet Love !—Oh, on life's darkening slope
Leave *him* our desolation to console—
A child is he and in his eyes are tears !



THE TEMPLE OF APOLLO

AT DELPHI NEAR PARNASSUS

Two eagles, from the utmost East and West,
Freed by great Zeus, met here in times of old
And marked Earth's centre, where, in shapes of gold,
Men reared a semblance of them to attest
The spot whereon the Oracle should rest;—
Desolate now!—statue and tripod rolled
To blank oblivion,—lips that once controlled
The World, vanished beyond all human quest!
Yet from thy ruined Fane, thy sacred springs—
Castalia and her sister—as of yore,
Gush forth to-day potent with Delphian dreams:
God of the lyre! as we have lost our wings
Draw thou again anear us—Oh, once more
Lead us to these inviolable streams!

THE ULTIMATE DAY

For a Wind Passeth Over It, and It is Gone

MOUNTAINS shall wear away, from base to sky
Shall crumble, and by Rivers carried on,
Glut, through the æons, the unfathomed yawn
Of deepest seas. The Sea itself shall dry,—
Shriveled, the illimitable land shall lie
A waste, within whose blank dominion
No hand may pluck the rose; the paling sun
Shall rise and set, nor beam on mortal eye:
Then, as some dreaded whirlwind in the night
Swirls through the air embers of dying fires,
So shall the Breath of God, foretold of yore,
Sweep star and sun and system, and their light
Shall be as sparks from smouldering funeral pyres
Darkened and dead, and Time shall be no more.

NOTES

PAGE 2.—A water-color painting by Morland in the writer's possession.

PAGE 5.—This painting, shown at the World's Fair in Chicago, subsequently adorned the walls of the Executive Mansion in Washington. Through a certain influence, on account of its alleged inappropriateness, it was afterwards removed. At President Roosevelt's request it was replaced in the White House, January, 1903. The poem was written in approbation of the President's action. Acknowledgment is made to the New York Mail and Express for permission to republish this sonnet and also that upon page 27.

PAGES 8-43.—Acknowledgment is here made to the New York Independent and to Everybody's Magazine for permission to reprint.

PAGE 10.—The writer here ventures beyond the limit of the myth and imagines that Marpessa, weary of her union with Idras, yearns for the return of her immortal lover.

PAGES 12-41-49.—The untraveled reader, curious as to modern Hellas, will find great pleasure in the perusal of Prof. J. P. Mahaffy's *Rambles in Greece*.

PAGE 13.—Epigram VI.

PAGE 14.—An old Italian painting in the writer's home.

PAGE 15.—"Youth on the Prow."—*Gray*.

PAGES 15-17-21.—*Conowingo, Swatara and Octoraro*—three beautiful creeks in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, confluent of the Susquehanna, each bearing an Indian name.

PAGES 17-18-19.—Three sonnets forming a part of an unpublished Sequence of sixty, entitled, *Wings of the Morning*.

PAGE 25.—A precipice on the Susquehanna near Columbia, Pennsylvania, named Chicquesalunga. In this picturesque region, in the valley field or upon the rocky headland, the stroller may still occasionally find a stone tomahawk or flint arrow-head.

PAGE 27.—As these pages are going through the press the death is announced of Canon Wilton. In him England loses a sweet and gentle poet. He was her later and more finished Herbert. The writer of these lines was honored at different times, by receiving a copy of each of Canon Wilton's books of Verse, and by personal letters which Cowper might have envied.

PAGE 28.—An attempt has here been made, for a purpose, to interweave the rhyme sounds of the octave and the sestet; so, also, for a different reason, on page 36.

PAGE 35.—In America the discovery of ether as an anæsthetic is, with authority, attributed to Dr. Horace Wells, October, 1845.

NOTES

PAGE 36.—*A Study of Trees* by Claude Lorraine, in the National Gallery, London.

PAGE 37.—Epigram XIX.

PAGE 39.—Epigram III.

PAGE 40.—The germ of this sonnet may be found in one of the late P. G. Hammerton's essays.

PAGE 45.—Line 12.—Though the onomatopœa is here intentional, its roughness is such that it would seem to demand a palliative word.

PAGE 47.—*Cea*, one of the ancient names of the island of Cos, in the Ægean. The author has made use of the supposition—founded on Ovid's very inconclusive statement—that Theocritus was strangled by order of Hiero II, of Syracuse.

PAGE 48.—For the exquisite statue of Love and Atropos by G. Dore.

PAGE 49.—Line 10.—*Castalia and her sister*, i. e. the stream, Cossotis.

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